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FRESH BUGS

RICHARD GRIFFIN

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Author and Kitty Clover

FRESH BUGS

BY

RICHARD GRIFFIN

AUTHOR OF
BUG HOUSE POETRY

FOR SALE BY

W. A. WILLIAMS

ROME CITY INDIANA

I can't find a Publisher who
Will give me a chance with my ditty;
I've canvassed among quite a few
In various parts of the city.
I fly to my trusty canoe
And hustle it through, yes I paddle
Quite over that publishing crew
In spite of their critical twaddle.
To Hell with such rank fiddle faddle!

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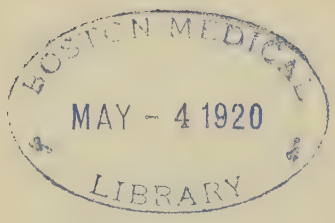
BY
RICHARD GRIFFIN



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BOSTON MEDICAL
MAY - 4 1920
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FRESH BUGS

TEN WICKED MEN

They gather at the chapel door
Defying all restraint, all law,
Jigging the Devil's own see saw—
    Ten evil men.
The hidden cymbals clash a ding,
Ten wicked brothers, chanting, sing
With fearful, sad, uncanny ring,
    These evil ten.

With knotted circles on each brow
The wicked brothers make a vow
To go the limit down the slough.
    Have they gone mad?
They stand before the chapter door
Raising their hands. The Dragon's claw
Drags them along forevermore.
    How very sad!

Their lips are parted back, how strange
Those pointed teeth. See them arrange
The eyelids. Crack—now comes a change
Over these ten.
With stealthy step like naughty nautch
They enter through the chapel porch
Each carrying a flaming torch—
Ten wicked men.

Mysterious, in single file
They march along the middle aisle,
Looking ahead without a smile
They form a ring.
The solemn stillness of the place
Seemeth to cast the holy grace
Of heaven with a leaden mace
Ready to swing.

The wicked brothers chant a verse,
They raise their heads on high, they curse
And afterwards blaspheme still worse
With raging voice.
With cadence curiously gruff
They cannot seem to curse enough.
Fierce punishment they surely snuff.
Let Hell rejoice.

Almighty Heaven, are ye weak?
Sharpen at once thy vengeful beak
And make the wicked brothers sneak,
Crawling away.
The hidden cymbals clash a ding.
The wicked brothers, chanting, sing
With fearful, sad, uncanny ring
Their minstrel lay.

That crash—that thunder from afar,
Proceeding from a falling star,
Strikes with a smell of burning tar
Down from the Arch.
Claws without bodies now appear,
Grabbing each brother from the rear,
Steering them down the aisle so drear,
Making them march.

They open up a trap, and then
They kick them down, these wicked men,
Into a darksome prison pen—
One dungeon den.
The trap door closes with a click.
Each devil's claw slips through a nick,
Thus playing slick the fearful trick
Upon these ten.

The purple vapor oozes in—
The wicked brothers now begin
To realize their deadly sin.
Oh! Hear them howl!
Poor, fallen souls, they forfeit bail.
The wicked brothers can't break jail.
Standing in line, they raise a wail
With language foul.

The hidden cymbals clash a ding.
The wicked brothers, chanting, sing
With fearful, sad, uncanny ring,
Their minstrel lay.
The voices faintly echo through
The dismal prison, wet with dew,
All grimy, slimy, to the view
This judgment day.

The wicked brothers face a spell
Unspeakable. Their souls they sell.
Loudly they yell the hymn of Hell.
Meanwhile they squirm.
Their eyeballs glare, each face is blue,
Well streaked with green. They shriek anew.
With pointed teeth they gnash, they chew
The salted worm.

Too late to expiate their sin
Now lock the wicked brothers in
Forever, in the burning bin.
Sharpen the spear.
The little robin on the tree,
As sprightly as a bumble bee,
Warbles to me so happy, free,
The chippy dear.

The hidden cymbals clash a ding,
The wicked brothers, chanting, sing
With fearful, sad, uncanny ring
Forevermore.
Please come with me and take a look
Into the peep-hole. Let us crook
One eye—ah, what a hellish nook
Under the floor.

The silken raven on the oak,
That smoky moke, seemeth to choke,
Then gives a croak, sarcastic joke,
Grotesquely queer.
Ten thousand years have flown by,
And still the wicked brothers cry,
Cursing their luck forever, aye,
Caught in the weir.

Behold the wicked brothers quake
With bleeding livers. See them shake.
They doubtless find the burning lake
Disgusting, foul.
Their eyes are bulging—how they stick
Beyond their sockets! Let them lick
The dust of Hades. Jab them quick,
And make them howl.

The wicked brothers sip the cup,
Both soul and body eaten up,
Tormented by the Devil's pup,
That beast of prey.
The canine watches near the door,
Barking with malice. Feeling sore,
The brothers howl for evermore
In blank dismay.

Forever let their dismal yell,
The song of songs, the hymn of Hell,
Be chanted in the sunken well
With yellow jaw.
The hidden cymbals clash a ding
The wicked brothers, chanting, sing
With fearful, sad, uncanny ring,
Forevermore.

The Woodman from the grotto black
Upon each brother turns his back,
Opens his sack, and eats his snack
Of rancid cheese.
The Stoker of the prison pen
Swallows the percolated yen,
And mumbling to himself, "Amen,"
Jingles the keys.

NEVER LOST A SPANGLE

The dainty circus rider
Is a perfect human spider,
With eyes so blue. She dyed 'er
Hair a golden hue.
She kicks one leg a-dangle
At the forty-seventh angle,
But she never lost a spangle,
That's quite true.

Her first name is Maria,
Her eyes are full of fire,
She is a dandy liar,
Th' darling little clam!
So very jolly that she
Will smile beneath her hat. She
Will kick you in the prat. She
Never gives a damn.

The paint is getting thicker
Upon her face. Quick, quicker,
Look—what a dandy kicker,
Enough to make yer screech!
Her eye—see how it flashes—
The gallery she mashes,
As round the ring she dashes,
Now isn't she a peach!

She rides without a saddle.
She never goes astraddle,
One perfect ducky daddle.
    She'd make a lovely wife.
She is so deuced clever
I'll worship her forever,
Just think of it, she never
    Lost a spangle in her life.

She says she'll be my ducky,
They tell me I am lucky,
I feel so very plucky,
    I'll make her name the day.
When, biff—a clap of thunder,
My brain is torn asunder.
Too late I see my blunder,
    Oh, hear the donkey bray.

I am the donkey. Please you,
Take off yer shirt, 'twill ease you
Tho the denouement freeze you.
    I'll have to yank the trigger.
Whilst at my ease I tarried,
My dear Maria parried—
She ran away and married
    The tesselated nigger.

Maria's yanked away by,
Completely led astray by
The guy who rakes his pay by
The very useful moon.
Maria jabs the rigger,
While bracing up her figger.
She loves the painted nigger,
The tesselated coon.

Foxy Maria so spunky
Gobbled the Hottentot flunky
So punky, half man, half monkey,
What a queer triangle!
Maria unhinging the socket
Flung out the string like a rocket,
Landing her fish in the pocket
An' never lost a spangle.

Hark—hear the whirlwind crashing.
Mark—see the lightning flashing.
The center-pole is dashing.
And smashing to the tune
Called "Pull the Devil's Trigger."
Look—What a funny figger,
It is the painted nigger,
The tesselated coon.

Maria also gets it
In th' neck. Th' doctor sets it.
She smokes her cigarettes. It
Is no use. The time
Has come to go to Hades,
The final home of ladies
Like sweet Maria Quadies.
This is the end of crime.

Maria went to Heaven?
At a quarter of eleven.
It is six and it is seven.
The devil casts the die.
My darling smirks and guggles,
She muggles flaming juggles.
All hopelessly she struggles
In Hades where they fry.

Her hair is curled with crimples,
Both cheeks are wreathed with dimples,
Her nose is full of pimples,
But please don't cry.
Maria's legs now dangle
At th' forty-seventh angle.
She will never need a spangle
In the sweet bye and bye.

THE COOTIE

Fetch me the cauldron of toddy,
Scorching. Ah, now I can palp
The cooties all over my body.
The bugs dig away at my scalp
Like Indians eager to niggle
With whoop and a yell on th' path.
The cooties all over me wriggle,
Almighty in their wrath.

It is scratch, scratch, scratch,
In the early morning air,
And it's scratch, scratch, scratch.
I must rid my tangled hair
Of the little dears that bite
Forever in their ditch.
I've a dandy fight in sight
To rid me of the itch.

It is scratch, scratch, scratch,
Before I am half awake,
And it's scratch, scratch, scratch,
Ere the steak begins to bake.
Oh, if I could only rest
And coddle my finger nails.
Have pity, thou little pest,
Cootie with seventeen tails.

Some years ago I thought
That bugs of every style
Were marvelously wrought
And free from motives vile.
All wrong. Before the flood,
The bugs were clever chicks,
Yearning to drink your blood,
And other lousy tricks.

It is lice, lice, lice,
Flirting about through my hair.
And it's lice, lice, lice,
Cooties—they sing me an air.
The music is all their own,
Their work is so complete
While eating into the bone,
So comical, so sweet.

It is bugs, bugs, bugs,
When I try to cook my meal,
And it's bugs, bugs, bugs,
Oh, what a crooked deal!
The bugs fall in the soup,
That isn't very nice.
Ah me, poor nincompoop,
I'm surfeited with lice.

It is scratch, scratch, scratch,
The cooties have come to stay.
And it's scratch, scratch, scratch,
The cooties have full sway
As they scamper through my hair,
How they enjoy their play!
I'll see they have one square
Deal, also extra pay.

With fingers worn down,
Down to the quick, I'm sick.
The cooties, yellowish brown,
Each have a personal kick
Against mankind, and so
They dig and dig away,
Each one a deadly foe.
I know they've come to stay.

It is scratch, scratch, scratch,
When I lay me down to sleep,
And it's scratch, scratch, scratch,
Alas! I cannot keep
The festering bugs at bay.
They like my flavor well.
The lice have come to stay—
Biting away like Hell.

Griffin and His Tame Vinegerones

It is lice, lice, lice,
When the wintry winds blow fierce,
And it's lice, lice, lice,
When the zephyr seems to pierce
All matter gray within,
Causing a wistfull lull,
Quite filling up the bin,
That cave dug thru my skull.

Dear cootie, do not drain
My bloody scalp. Off creep,
Thou venomed stinger! Vain
Ah, vain, I plead. Quick, leap
The fence, traverse the lane
Of pain. Ah, yes, I feel
Fierce stinging thru my brain.
With fractured pith I reel.

It is scratch, scratch, scratch,
The itch grows worse and worse.
And it's scratch, scratch, scratch,
Yet nothing can disperse
My faculties all smug.
The vermin cannot awe
Me here within the jug.
I'm chained upon the floor.

THE EVIL TAXIDERMIST

The Demon of the forest from a limb on yonder yew
Displays a set of ivories all glistening with dew,
He dips one finger in the bowl of mysticated stew.

The scientific Taxidermist stuffs the Kangaroo,
Assisted by the faithful Thomas, innocent and true.
The faithful Thomas is a trump with eyes of azure hue.

The bundle of excelsior is growing very small.
The scientific Taxidermist doesn't care at all;
But furtively he tries to stab a bed-bug on the wall.

The faithful Thomas, ever watchful, says, "I'll go and bring
Some more of that excelsior, also a hank of string,
We haven't got enough of hay to stuff a dodo's wing."

"You see we're short of stuffing, sir," the faithful Thomas pled.
"You'd better let me go and buy the hay, and also thread."
"There's quite enough, there's quite enough," the Taxidermist said.

The faithful Thomas, with his knife, begins to skin
the mink.
The Taxidermist drops his tools, giving a knowing wink,
Leaving the shop with this remark, "I'll go and take
a drink."

The faithful Thomas skins the mink, then scrapes the
dodo's bone.
No use. He cannot work at all. He murmurs out one
moan,
Singing the De Profundis in a hollow monotone.

Outside the house nature is black, the world is full of
stacks
Of fallen timber. Thru the cave the ugly thunder
cracks
Over the Taxidermist—he is sharpening his axe.

The Demon of the forest smiles, delighted with the scene,
Such utter destitution of all charity—a sheen
Of Hellish satisfaction thrills the Demon thru th' spleen.

The sun came up, the sun went down, leaving us full of
awe,
The Taxidermist walks along the same path as before,
As for the faithful Thomas—he is lost for evermore.

The scientific taxidermist finishes the work
Of stuffing up the kangaroo. Now it is time to perk.
He scrapes his bloody fingernails, then hides away the dirk.

The Demon cracks his knuckles as he chuckles in the ditch,
All hell is filled with merriment, the smell is very rich.
The Devil's wife is working, knitting, picking stitch by stitch.

The people in the neighborhood their own conclusions drew,
Each county clown from Daggerstown is twisted like a screw
Without an edge lost in a hedge—they don't know what to do.

The Faculty attended by the Mandarin San Toy,
Call on the Taxidermist. They are led by that old boy
The Burgomaster, dressed in aromatic corduroy.

The most impartial City Marshal springs this question, "May
We ask about—where is your lout, the faithful Thomas, pray?"
The Taxidermist made reply, "I really cannot say."

We all depart. Each beating heart is burning with a flush
Of apprehension. There's no mention—we are made of mush,
And if we broach the theme again, the listener says "Hush!"

The kangaroo upon the shelf is very lifelike, yes,
Appearing to all visitors uncanny to excess,
Struggling with a secret mysterious distress.

The years roll by, the witches cry, stupendous things bestir,
The dancing demons, prancing tremens drive th' poisoned spur
Straight through th' mire of hot Hell fire, stinging th' beastly cur.

The Taxidermist, prospering, has risen from the ditch;
From step to step he is all pep—yes, he is very rich.
He runs an exhibition place up in the highest niche.

The Taxidermist feels his oat, the man is in the swim,
Great King of Taxidermists—one gala day for him,
Strutting around among his guests, his figure neat and trim.

The bunch of stuffed mammalias, each in a natural pose,
They line against the wall, whilst from its pedestal arose
The figure of the kangaroo, quite mangy on the nose.

I deem it rather pitiful that such a perfect, true,
Majestic specimen of art, bow to the buggy crew,
With doggy-mangy remedy I rub the kangaroo.

The Demon of the everglade, blessing the kangaroo,
Stirs up its own concoction, the patent honey dew,
Consigning it forever to the mysticated stew.

The Taxidermist says that I may wear his dressing gown,
The liniment is greasy and it stains my fingers brown.
I rub the mangy kangaroo, I rub it up and down.

I rub the smelly ointment in, rubbing with rapid pace,
Crack—the kangaroo breaks open—see that yawning space,
And through the opening appears a grinning human face.

I see the missing Thomas, he is grinning from above,
Half hidden in the kangaroo, as docile as a dove.
The face of faithful Thomas—those features we all love.

The murdered victim of the axe now claims the right
of way.
Half hidden in the kangaroo, corrupting in the hay.
Oh, Taxidermist, now thou squirmest, 'tis thy judgment
day!

The scientific Taxidermist gurgles bloody foam,
Then falling down upon a rock, he smashes in his dome.
Another crash—the brains ooze out. Vengeance is
driven home.

The goblin of the universe looks down without a sigh
Sneering upon the lifeless nasty human forms. They lie
Upon their backs with sightless eyes turned upward
to the sky.

We chuck the Taxidermist, also Thomas, in a well,
Thus burying the hatchet deep all in one narrow cell,
Now, let us hope they soon arrive each in their proper
hell.

We cast a load of cobble-stones into the well—the flash
Is sickening—an echo seems to rumble up a splash.
Then all is over—silence—worse than any thunder
crash.

The Demon of the forest from a limb on yonder yew
Displays a set of ivories all glistening with dew,
He drops one finger in the bowl of mysticated stew,
And then performs this mockery of blessing on the crew:

"Be thou a fallen Christian, a Mohammedan or Jew
We surely keep reserved for you one saturated pew,
Flaming with boiling, oiling beer, that's the sort we brew,
All reprobates with axes grace the cages in my zoo."

THE DAY I LOST MY CHIN

Whilst swimming up the stream,
I sip a gulp of water.
I bump against a beam—
Worse than the gunner's daughter.
Fierce pain—I choke, I scream,
All vain! around I spin,
And then I lose my chin.
Chin! Chin! Chin!
Alas! I lose my chin.

Demons of death, you win!
I lose my tarnished quarter—
One splash—look, see it spin
And fall into the water.
The quarter sinks. Begin,
Ye demons, amputate
My chin. Vindictive fate!
Yank, yank, swish.
Alas, poor me, poor fish.

That cruel hickory beam,
It rushes through the water.
I fight against the stream,
Trying to save my quarter.
I choke, I cannot scream.
I feel a bump, I spin,
And then I lose my chin.
Chin! Chin! Chin!
Dear me, I lose my chin.

The beam has struck my chin,
  Oh, what a fearful whacking!
My under jaw! I spin—
  Excruciating, racking!
The red-hot sticking pin—
  I lose my under jaw
  Forever, evermore.
Jaw! Jaw! Jaw!
  No jaw for evermore.

I feel dejected, ill.
  Alas, I cannot swallow.
They feed me through a quill,
  The gander's quill, all hollow.
They'll keep it up, until
  The threads of life pass o'er,
  Alas, I lost my jaw.
Jaw! Jaw! Jaw!
  Alas, I've lost my jaw.

I'm numbered with the dead,
  Most cruel, fateful river!
My underjaw has fled,
  Therefore it cannot quiver.
Thus, thus I shake my head.
  My shattered brain doth spin.
  How I do miss my chin.
Chin! Chin! Chin!
  How I do miss my chin.

My jaw has fled. The flaw
I deeply feel. I'm aching.
I miss my under jaw.
The loss, alas, is making
My withered gall at war
With everyone. Now gnaw—
Beelzebub, do thy chore,
Claw! Claw! Claw!
Oh, my poor under jaw.

My useful under chop
Can't chop. I feel a quiver.
Help me before I flop.
That sliver in my liver—
Support me ere I drop.
Hold up my head, don't slop
With chilly element. Stop,
Chop! Chop! Chop!
My chop—I've lost my chop.

And thus forever, I
Must live without my chin. Oh,
Heaven, let me die,
Forgive my grievous sin, Oh!
I never can chew pie
Without a chin. Don't grin.
I can't hold up my chin.
Chin! Chin! Chin!
I can't hold up my chin.

I've lost my under lip,
My intellect is failing.
Yes, now I have the pip.
My future is unveiling
Itself. I flop the flip.
Poor fish without a fin,
Poor me, I lost my chin.
Chin! Chin! Chin!
Alas, I lost my chin.

Ah me, I patience lack.
I cannot help but slobber.
Could I but chop or hack.
I'm but a weak slob, dobber.
This is the third attack.
Summon my kith and kin,
To-day I lost my chin.
Chin! Chin! Chin!
To-day I lost my chin.

ENVOY

Go, can that mandolin.
Give me a glass of gin.
My jaw can't chop. Don't grin,
Beware—Oh, deadly sin!
Demons of death, you win,
I haven't any chin.
Chin! Chin! Chin!
To-day I lost my chin.

FATHER AND SON

(*A LULLABY*)

I keep a gin mill down among
The slums, the lowest level—
My mother died when I was young,
My father went to the Devil.
The Devil, the Devil,
My father went to the Devil.

Hell's Kitchen is a lovely place
For those who understand it.
My family has lost all grace,
My father is a bandit.
I am the envy of the bums,
They tell me I am handy.
I always hang around the slums;
They call me Foxy Sandy,
One dandy, don't bandy
With Foxy Quiller Sandy.

When I was young my mother kept
A stand for selling candy,
Swindling everyone except
Myself, her darling Sandy.
With private means of raising dough,
I was a fancy trouncer.
I joined a free and easy show,
And soon became the bouncer,
One pouncer, ten-ouncer,
I soon became the bouncer.

My father ran thru every rut,
  Descending to the kegman.
Lapping the beer from every butt.
  One night he met a yeggman.
The Yeggman said to Pa, "You are
  One very silly slobber.
Come, join the gang, the guiding star
  Proclaims you as a jobber.
No dobber, slob dobber,
  You'll make an A-one robber."

The famous ninth ward voted, and,
  By gosh, I was selected
To run for Sheriff. 'Twas the hand
  Of Fate poor me erected.
And now I am a magistrate,
  Envy of all late comers.
I enter through the golden gate,
  Arisen from the slummers,
Bum hummers, humdrummers,
  I'm King of all the bummers.

I have a grewsome bit of news
  That makes me kind of hanker
After another job. Excuse
  Me while I raise my anchor,
And skip away to other climes.
  I'm shriveled by a canker
Eating me up. My father's crimes
  Rise up, he killed a banker.
Poor Daddy, poor yanker—
  My father killed a banker.

As Sheriff of the county, I
Will have to hang my father.
I cannot jump the bounty. I
Stand firm, tho it will jar th'
The stuffing. See, I have the rope
All ready. I'm a laddy
One Buck. I'm quite the proper dope.
I'll have to hang my Daddy.
Old Daddy, dear Daddy.
I'll have to hang my Daddy.

My dear old Daddy stands beneath
The gallows, calmly smiling.
There shines a halo, one bright wreath
Encircling the piling.
My father, smirking, seems to beck-
On me to do my duty.
I tie the rope about his neck,
The slipping knot's a beauty—
So cutie, so cutie.
The slipping knot's a beauty.

The day I make the old man dance,
We all enjoy the kicking.
It is a joke to see him prance,
Look at his heels, both clicking.
His tongue is sticking out, all slime,
The job will soon be over.
We'll chuck him in the pit of lime
And then he'll be in clover.
All over, all over.
Oh, yes, he'll be in clover.

The job is strenuously slick.
My father strangles slowly.
Look, did you see the old man kick?
He makes a very holy
Show of himself, unlucky Mick!
That struggle was a thumper,
So graceful, quite the proper trick;
He is a Holy Jumper.
No frumper, but slumper,
He is a Holy Jumper.

When all is over I go back
To home and learn the wife has
Eloped with the Nick the Barber (black)
I'm thankful that my life has
Been disinfected—nasty pest,
That wife. I feel so merry
I yell like Hell, pull down my vest,
Then drink a glass of sherry
From Derry in Kerry.
I gobble down the sherry.

I keep a gin mill down among
The slums, the lowest level.
My mother died when I was young,
My father went to th' Devil,
The Devil, the Devil,
My father went to th' Devil.

JACK THE DROMEDARY

The Dromedary
From Tipperary
Is very hairy—
  He has a pain.
Go tell Jack's master
To make a plaster
Run faster, quick, faster,
  He'll lose his brain.

The spasm ceases
The pain decreases
He'll fall to pieces
  With nerve all gone.
Ah, have you handy
Some sugar candy?
Melt it with brandy,
  Mix it with corn.

We're off the mooring
We fail at curing
The camels touring
  That awful flow,
The river "Scare all,"
That horrid snare all,
That leads to where all
  Bad camels go.

Come along, quick, Mike,
Bring me a thick stick,
Don't let the beast kick,
  Pull down his jaw.
Don't let his legs loose,
Pour down the bug juice.
Oh, you poor Jack, goose,
  Why do you gnaw?

Scrape the enamel
From off the trammel
Hook, stuff the camel,
  Show us thy worth.
Great taxidermist,
Plainly thou squirmest,
Although the firmest,
  Stuffer on earth.

Oh, may the hairy
Jack (dromedary)
From Tipperary,
  Forever bloom—
Thru rocks of ages,
Light of the cages,
Shine on all pages
  'Til crack of doom.

THE TEACHER

How sad is my heart when the north wind is blowing
Around the old church where the dull preacher rants.
Young Susie is stunted, while Johnny is growing.
I'll have to procure him a new pair of pants.

Yet Susie is healthy while Johnny is sickly.
I cannot decide what to do. I am loth
To punish, and yet I must move along quickly—
Poor Susie, poor Johnny, I'll flagellate both.

Go question the neighboring nabobs, alarm them.
Pray, why does deformity thrive? Guinea pigs
Live longer tho ailing and nothing can harm them;
Some Hercules often his sepulchre digs.

My dear little Johnny sleeps under the pansy
Whilst Susie the stunted works hard at the tub.
The preacher is wearing his buttonhole tansy,
We'll sound the Hosanna, one rub a dub dub!

Come, sing, give all praise to the jackass the laggard,
The sick pussy cat and all mangy dogs thrive.
The fiddle string always is better when ragged.
The littlest bee is the head of the hive.

The riding whip hangs in the quaint cozy corner,
Cute relic of many corrections from me.
I've done my full duty and now I'm chief mourner,
My comfort is big and my conscience is free.

Then go to the devil, all critics of teachers,
I don't give a damn and it's no use to howl.
My right arm is aching. The dear little creatures
I spank, all declare I'm a darling old owl.

THE GIRL WITH THE BLISTERED HEEL

What shall I do without my fife,
It is the jewel of my life.
I shake the roasted veal. Fierce strife
  Is mangling my spine.
Oh, my lost fife! I am a clown,
Impelled to wander up and down,
Searching each corner of the town.
  Vengeance will soon be mine.

The day I seek the barber shop,
I throw away the mutton chop,
I hurry to the red-head Wop,
  I leave my beaten path.
Yes, after this I'll take a scrub
More frequently within the tub,
And after I have had a rub
  I'll seek the shower bath.

I lingered in the barber shop,
I whispered to the red-head Wop.
He shook his head, and said "Pray, stop,
  Your turn you cannot steal."
The red-head barber crooked his head,
Then spoke again. He firmly said,
"Although I am the barber red,
  I play the even deal."

Then bowing to the red-head Wop,
Says I, "My friend, you have the drop."
Quickly I leave the barber shop.
I feel just like an eel
Compelled to wear his skin. Poor me,
My heart doth spin. I cannot flee,
I stand enthralled. Again I see
The roasted leg of veal.

I feel a spasm. Oh, the pain!
I hurry down the country lane.
My rubber neck I twist, I crane,
I stand entranced at bay.
I feel a dizziness, I reel.
My spine is writhing like an eel,
I see the girl with the blistered heel
Limping along that way.

She said to me, "You are a fish,
I swear you'll never have your wish,
Before I'm through with you, I'll dish
You up and make you squeal.
I'll make you pay the piper well,
You'll often wish you'd gone to Hell,
Before you fell beneath my spell,
Th' girl with the blistered heel."

I hear the rattle of a coach,
The black maria doth encroach.
Two men in uniform approach,
  They grab me, hear them yell.
They push me in the bus, they yank
Me down. I hear the chauffer crank
The wheel. We're off, I've got it—rank,
  Where Kitty wore the bell.

I found myself inside the jail
Without a friend to go my bail.
They bring a dish of roasted kale
  With chops. My teeth rejoice.
Inside a cell across the aisle,
I see the pretty face whose style—
That fairy form, that winsome smile—
  And then I hear her voice.

Her low voice murmurs, "Thus I seal
Thy fate, now hasten, do thy spiel.
Deep vengeance may you ever feel,
  Thou worst of evil men.
You scorn the dish of roasted veal,
Upon your luck you turn your heel.
And now depart. Forever squeal.
  Go join thy Nicky Ben."

Most fatal malediction grim,
Uttered with energetic vim.
My heart grows faint, my eyes grow dim,
  The demon grabs my soul.
We float along a darksome slough,
We pause—the demon makes his bow,
Gives me a walking-stick. Oh, how,
  How dare I sip the bowl?

I find myself alone. My ear
Is ringing. Now I shake with fear,
No wonder. All is black, all drear.
  I draw my trusty knife.
I sharpen it upon a brick.
The walking-stick is very thick,
I scrape it thinner, oh, so slick!
  This is the proper life.

I never pause, I scrape the cane—
That sound—is it a weather vane—
That racket? 'Tis an aeroplane
  Doing its mighty spiel,
Whilst hanging from the flying frame
That human form, the pretty dame,
Swings high upon the frame—the same,
  Th' girl with the blistered heel.

Dear maiden, hide thy heel, retrench
Thy stench. Repent thy spiel and wrench
Thy putrid cuticle. Vile wench—
  Begone, athletic hen!
Why ride upon that aeroplane?
Why do you bid me scrape the cane?
You give me such a large-sized pain.
  Return to Nicky Ben.

I've lost my fife. The devil's coop—
That open door—that fiendish troop
Of scorpions, keep them off, they scoop,
  They tear my very life
From out my gut. That turkey hen—
Mercy, thou cobbler, Nicky Ben.
Keep off the dreadful gobbler. When—
  When will they bring my fife?

KEY

The hero of this grewsome tale
Once ate a dish of poisoned kale,
Was sent to jail, got out on bail,
  And then his blistered wife
Refused to live with him again.
Old Nicky Ben possessed him then.
He lost his mind completely when
  Some rascal stole his fife,
Dearer to him than any Strad.
Ah, then he went completely mad.
All his affairs went very bad,
  He croaked away his life!

THE TOWER WITHOUT ANY OWL

(*A SONNET*)

The tower without any owl—
I see it wherever I prowl—
    There's no use in scolding,
    I'm always beholding
The tower without any owl.

The beautiful watch tower rears
It's head far above the dense bunch
    Of juniper trees. The sky clears.
I open my bundle of lunch.
    The top of the tower appears,
    My soul is invested with fears.

The tower—that lowering pile—
    No moping owl ever complains
To th' moon. All is dreary—no smile.
    The June bug distracting my brains
    Consumeth my body with pains,
    And all kinds of muscular sprains.

My clustering brain is all sticky.
Snap cricky! poor Dicky, tell Micky
    The chauffeur, please put up a lunch.
Good, come, now jump into the flivver
The flivver all life, feel it shiver!
    Hurrah for the bunch! Ah, that
        crunch—

I fear we ran over a polecat,
Hop skunk—Hi, Micky, you droll rat,
Look out, don't run over the brink
Of the cliff; hurry up, what a stink!

Oh, bring back my birdie to me,
Have mercy and change the decree.
The tower without any owl—
I see it wherever I prowl—
There's no use in scolding,
I'm always beholding,
The tower without any owl.

On the banks of the beautiful Dee
I see far above that high tree,
The tavern that's kept by
The Prussian adept—by
The Jackass from Hackensack sea.

The German with ponderous jowl,
That Hun with a villainous scowl—
Rot—that's what he's made of,
He lives in the shade of
The tower without any owl.
All nature seems wrapt in a trance,
The Devil himself seems to dance.

Across to the window I go,
And what do I see? Ah, just so—
That tower—I smother a growl—
That parapet, minus the owl.

My dewlap is falling apart
I've a kink in the lobe of my ear.
There's a festering dart in my heart,
Which stretches me flat on my bier.

The tower looms up, the full moon
Gleams out of the sky, bright as noon.
My soul is all dross. What a loss!
Poor birdie, poor chippy. Of course,
I swallow the dippy bug sauce.

I leap from my limousine car,
I stop for a drink at the bar,
Some whiskey and egg.
I fear I shall peg
Quite out. I've a chain on each leg,
And a hoop torn off of my keg.

The loss of that owl—ah, I feel
I'll squeal. I've a kink in my wheel
Which scrapes through my soul.
No more sparkling bowl.
Give me air, raise the window, I reel.

Remove, take away the vile fodder.
The salad prepared from the dodder,
The liver cut out of that mut,
Extracted, squeezed into a cut
In my gut—oh, how painful—tut, tut
Get out of this Hell of a hut.

These terrible blue-bottle flies,
Are trying to bite out my eyes,
And yet I see plainly,
Distorted, ungainly,
The parapet—see it arise,
The tower without any owl.
I see it wherever I prowl.
There's no use in scolding,
I'm always beholding
The tower without any owl.

THE WINDLASS WINDER

It is the flash light with its flash
There at the window—hear the crash.
The Scissors Grinder lifts the sash,
    Wrenching with lever.
The Grinder—see him flop, then pop,
Getting the butcher on the drop,
He gives the man one hollow chop,
    Swinging the cleaver.

We catch the Grinder in the act,
His guilt is evident, one fact.
We form a pact, we are intact,
    All on one angle.
Oh, cruel law, most fiercely fanged,
We sentence him, he must be hanged.
He made a howl, the kettle clanged,
    The guy will strangle.

The burglar's gullet has a lump,
The final sentence is one trump,
The wooden conscience gets a bump—
    Such a reminder.
Poor sinner, how his head we banged!
Oh, cruel law, most fiercely fanged,
The kettle clanged the day we hanged
    The Scissors Grinder.

The Windlass Winder of the ship
Now travels on another trip,
Twisting the handle, what a grip!
He is a poker.
He makes the victim walk one lap,
He pokes his client on the trap,
Crowning him with a little cap.
He is a joker.

The scientific hangman, bluff,
Is quite an artist, though a tough,
Of splendid stuff quite up to snuff.
This Windlass Winder
Scraped off the dirt, his hair he banged
Got out the bell. Away he clanged,
Then scientifically hanged
The Scissors Grinder.

The Executioner, quaint goose,
Thinking it fun to play the deuce,
Splices the knot, slipping the noose.
He is a choker.
He oils the handle of the catch,
Before he drops the guy—that scratch—
His pipe—lighting it with a match,
He is a smoker.

The morning sun is all one smile.
We gaze upon that awful pile—
The gallows tree of graceful style.
Oh, dread reminder,
Those ravens on their perch close by.
Poor Scissors Grinder, he must die,
The Executioner stands by
The Windlass Winder.

The gallows tree, unbending sheer,
Rises above that funny dear,
Making him look so very queer.
The Windlass Winder,
Winking away, his hair well banged
With castor oil. The kettle clanged,
All nature smiled the day we hanged
The Scissors Grinder.

The fascinating giblet clicks,
Placing the Grinder in a fix.
The motley crowd, the Wops, the Micks,
Breathe out a snicker
At such an overflowing peck
Of horror. What a strangled wreck,
Dancing with rope around his neck.
He is a kicker.

THE JOY RIDE

We leap in the Ford as the clock strikes eleven,
Ye seldom will finds such a rare merry party.
The main guy myself, king pin of the seven,
There's Willy and Tilly and Izzie McCarty.
Cute Ikie the baker,
Fat Micky the faker,
And Pat, the muckracker,
The Tammany Squire.
In garbage attire.

The car skips along with a villainous racket,
We leap o'er the drawbridge, we cross the Styx River.
The car slips—poor flivver! The forecastle jacket
Now bumps 'gainst an oak. Oh, see the Micks shiver.
The live wires quiver,
Whilst roasting each liver—
Poor Lizzie, tin flivver!
We save the fat squire
In garbage attire.

Behold the metallic Elizabeth sizzle!
My brain is congested, my heart is on fire.
The joy ride is ended, the racket a fizzle.
We stick in the mud, we have busted a tire,
And roasted a wire.
Poor flivver, poor flyer!
From out the mire,
We rescue the squire,
In garbage attire.

The hock-shop is empty since Lizzie departed,
Whilst Ikie the baker no more makes us dizzy.
The hearse from the neighboring village has carted
Away the poor mangled cadaver. Poor Izzie
Is now very busy
In dodging that dizzy
Black devil, tin Lizzy,
And cursing the squire
In garbage attire.

The gloomy hyena howls in the arena
With rage in his cage, quaintly sage, th' French
briar,
I place 'twixt my lips whilst the bowl of farina
Awaiting brings solace. The pitch pine, the pyre
Burns up the flyer,
That flivver. No guyer.
But vengenace entire.
Burns up the black squire.
In garbage attire.

Whenever I closeth my eyes in the twilight,
I see the cadaver of Izzie the hocker,
Pray stop all palaver, attention, that sky bright
The stately cadaver of Izzie, no mocker,
Thou bones of my sire,
Cut out all enquire-
Ing talk, lest hot fire
Consume the black Squire,
In garbage attire.

KITTY CLOVER

Near the schoolhouse on the hilltop
Where the hawthorn bushes thrive,
Naughty children make the cat flop,
They are skinning it alive.
Afterwards they hang the kitten
Just for fun, to see it prance.
One boy has a finger bitten.
Goodness gracious! don't he dance!

See the twisted stranger walking
Thru the gravel pit across
Near the hill where kitty, squawking,
Kicking like a baby horse,
Disapproves of what the boys are
Doing. She don't like the role
She is playing, all her joys are
Turning into burning coal.

"Keep away from yonder casement,"
Said the teacher to the class,
"I will lock you in the basement,
If you give me any sass.
Shut your mouth, cut out all niggle,
Please obey, mind what I say,
If you see the kitten wiggle,
It will make you sick all day."

As the children leave the schoolhouse,
See them turn their heads away,
With their little pails of lobscouse,
In their baby grasp. To-day
They are free from mirthful giggles,
Such a very solemn hush,
While the little kitten wiggles
On the hilltop near the brush.

See the twisted hobo stranger,
Known by the name of tramp
(He is not afraid of danger,
He is of the proper stamp),
See, he grabs the cruel gang man,
Saves the kitten from the grasp
Of the amateurish hangman,
Soon my kitten pet I clasp.

If I had my way, I'd get a
Hose of boiling water; then
If you hurt my cat, you'd better
Get away from me, for when
The pet kitten mews, the steam flies
From the scalding hose, vile Sir.
I will blast your bloody two eyes,
Oh, you cruel, nasty cur!

If I were the Emperor Nero,
You would get the proper dope,
I would play the noble hero,
You would soon abandon hope.
As you lay upon the griddle,
Chained within the broiling can,
I would play upon my fiddle,
While you sizzled in the pan.

See the God-forsaken stranger,
What a noble, twisted man!
Now he sleeps within the manger
Of the stable near the dam,
Where the water-wheel is turning,
While the stranger, dreaming, aye,
Ever learning, always yearning,
Soon becomes a fancy guy.

When I lay me down to slumber,
As I close my eyes, I see,
Towering, a frame of lumber,
The almighty gallows tree.
Then I hear the pensive ditty,
'Tis the plaintive voice, 'tis she,
It is darling little kitty,
Jsut as sweet as she can be.

When I twang the tuneful lyre,
  Meanwhile I am looking at
Kitty Clover, near the fire,
  Purring on the velvet mat.
Kitty knows my heart is ever
  With herself. I'm quite above
All deceit, she is one clever,
  Domineering little love.

THE HOP HEWER

(*A BALLAD*)

I ramble along on the hill where the tillage
Is fragrant with roses where dandelions bloom,
And when I arrive at the green near the village,
I see what appears like a wide-open tomb.
'Tis all a mistake, 'tis the mouth of a sewer—
There, standing erect, so familiar—'tis he,
The fine, manly form of the prosperous brewer,
Dan Dugan, as handsome as handsome can be.
Descending the sewer, the prosperous brewer,
Is soon out of sight of poor Dicky, poor me.
I hurry, I strive like
The devil. I drive like
A drunken rat out on a terrible spree.

I entered the sewer to look for the brewer,
Descending the wondrous earthenware chute.
It took me an hour to find the hop hewer,
I staggered, then uttered a loud, piercing hoot.
A venomous ebony carrion crow bent
O'er the cadaver. A wandering roach
Was ready to nibble, while also a rodent
With malice intent, on the scene did encroach.
The rat and the crow and the roach bit the brewer.
Dan Dugan, so tender, so toothsome, so ripe.
Became a cadaver—
A yellow cadaver—
Stuck fast in the sewer, the earthenware pipe.

Dan Dugan the brewer got stuck in the sewer,
He couldn't escape from the mad, flowing rush
Of thick, dirty mush. Unhappy hop hewer—
He tried to swim out from the sickening slush.
The underground torrent so slimy, so slippy,
Caught Dan in the current all sticky with muck.
Dan swallowed a mouthful and then became dippy.
Down deep in the earthenware pipe he got stuck.
Poor Daniel the brewer turned bluer and bluer,
He spoke for a berth in the devil's own house,
Became a cadaver—
Oh, such a cadaver!
He died in the pipe like a flexible louse.

I stole to the edge of the sewer to rubber,
I twisted my neck, glancing into the well,
My heart filling up at the sight—now I blubber,
Then fall away fainting, consumed by the smell.
Unfortunate brewer, now stuck in the sewer
And gone to decay like a peach over-ripe,
Look—isn't he yellow, uncanny and mellow,
The muck disagreed with his pitiful tripe.
Poor tripe! now we have—er—a yellow cadaver—
Unlucky hop hewer, poor brewer, poor snipe.
The yellow cadaver,
The twisted cadaver,
The swollen cadaver that stuck in the pipe.

I now seek the aid of the earthenware ewer,
And after my wash I feel perfectly snug.
I think of the tragical fate of the brewer,
Now safe in his pipe like a bug in a rug.
Dear Danny—how lucky to be a cadaver,
Secure in thy earthenware tube over-ripe.
We'll rake up a wake for thy sake, yes, we'll have—er—
A jolly old time in the shade of the pipe.
Dan Dugan, the brewer, now safe in the sewer,
Doth rattle his bones—he is one rotten snipe.
The yellow cadaver,
The swollen cadaver,
The twisted cadaver is safe in the pipe.

With sad expectations the north wind comes cheating.
The night where the moonbeam in ecstasy dwells,
My heart without rations is sadly repeating
About sixty curses, like so many Hells.
The banjo is busted, the strings out of order,
The rim is all rusted, encrusted like tripe.
I fear my poor soul will be crossing the border
And joining the brewer down deep in the pipe.
The swollen hop hewer grows bluer and bluer,
That yellow cadaver, the plum over-ripe.
The mellow cadaver,
The twisted cadaver,
The swollen cadaver that stuck in the pipe.

THE BASTINADO

CANTO I

The wicked Whipper is a freak,
Also, a most malignant sneak.
He always shows his presence when
We let him kick his fellow men.
He'd rather beat a child than eat.
He loves to whip the girl so sweet,
Whipping th' soles of her dainty feet.

The grim Sultana said, "Pray why,
Dear Daughter, must I lash my clown
With bastinado? Do not cry,
But tell me why thou art awry
With crease upon thy silken gown?
Alas, thou must be tickled down
Under each foot ere we leave town.
You are a perfect little cheat,
We'll have to sting your naughty feet.
Ring for the slave, suppress that cough,
Please take thy shoes and stockings off."

The little girl with timid voice
Said, "Mother, make the slave rejoice.
He loves to flagellate thy pet.
Of late I've been so good, and yet,
My silken gown—this ragged hole—
It's time to flagellate my sole.
Nay, dearest Mother, do not cough.
I'll take my shoes and stockings off."

The grim Sultana made a sign.
The little maiden, breathing hard,
Weeps,—poor, gentle, clinging vine.
Stern fate has caught her off her guard.
Her little feet—they tremble so
From dainty heel to pretty toe.

I hear the tinkling of lutes
Accompanied by magic flutes,
Seventeen maidens in spotless white
Enter the hall (classical sight),
Waving palms. Their presence there
Is just to see all things go fair.

The grim Sultana bites one nail,
The girlie girl grows deadly pale;
The walking cavalcade appears,
Led by a man with monstrous ears.

This is the mighty Whipping Turk,
Priding himself upon his work;
He thinks it is superb to beat
His fellow creatures on their feet,
When victim groans, when victim squirms,
Like agitated angle worms.'

Upon the floor there is a rug
Where naughty sinners lie out snug,
Face downward, waiting the event
When Mother orders chastisement.

The little girlie, kneeling down,
Smooths out the creases from her gown.
Holding her breath with nervous shrug,
She flings herself upon the rug
Face down. She lifts her slippered feet—
Such pretty slippers, very neat.
She raises both her feet on high,
Holding them steady. Hear her sigh.

The Whipper brings the wooden frame,
Now we appreciate his fame.
He moves the wooden frame up close,
Close to the dainty limbs—jocose?
You bet. He locks each ankle tight,
Upon the frame—most hapless plight!
The slippered feet remain upright.

The maiden hides her pretty face
With both her hands. She says her grace,
Then shudders with a nervous cough.
They take her shoes and stockings off,
Indeed, it is a lovely sight.
Her naked feet are pink and white.
The bare soles blushing like a rose
From dainty heel to pretty toes.

The girlie closes both her eyes,
Utters a prayer—Oh, how she sighs,
Awaiting the first smarting sting
Upon her pink, bare feet—poor thing!
Poor wounded bird with broken wing.

The wicked Whipper whirls the whip
With spiteful crack, with vicious clip
He whips the naked feet—Oh, my!
Poor little girlie, hear her cry.

The wicked Whipper—see him whirl
The cruel whip, lashing the girl,
Whipping away with stern conceit,
Whipping the soles of her naked feet.

Whipping and whipping th' poor little
girl,
Whipping and whipping th' cute pearly
pearl.
Whipping away with stern conceit,
Whipping the soles of her naked feet.

The girl is writhing on the floor,
Screaming with pain. Look, see her claw
The air. Her hair is all awry,
Poor little creature, hear her cry.

Pity the little naked feet,
Pity each pink, bare sole so sweet,
Bleeding away with crimson flow
From dainty heel to pretty toe.

Hold off thy hand, malignant brute,
Pity the little feet so cute,
Pity the dimpled baby soles
All bleeding. Hark! The timbrel tolls.

The grim Sultana waves one hand,
The slave obeys the high command,
Throwing away the rawhide whip
From whence now flows th' crimson drip.

We now unlock the iron link
Just as the girl is on the brink
Of fainting dead away. Woe! woe!
Those bleeding feet, that crimson flow
From dainty heel to pretty toe.

The little girlie creeps upon
Her knees. She vainly tries to don
Her slippers, but she can't; oh, no,
They hurt each dainty, pretty toe,
Starting afresh the crimson flow,
Over the naked foot. Woe! woe!

CANTO II

The wicked Whipper, all alert,
Because his feelings have been hurt
Down to the very deepest core,
Opens and shuts his dragon claw.

He is so very measily,
With feelings injured easily,
Possessing no benignity,
And yet a man of dignity.

The wicked Whipper darkly scowls,
Stamping about, the lout—he howls
Extending both his ugly jowls.

He gobbles down a brace of drinks
And then he sharpens up his dirk
He hisses out, "The lazy minx,
Making me do her dirty work,
I, the official Whipping Turk.

"She is so useless, so inert,
The nasty, little, lazy squirt.
She made me do her work. 'Twas I
Removed her slippers, I, poor guy—
Her stockings also, think of that!
The worthless, silly little rat.

"She thinks she is so cute, so smug,
While flopping there upon that rug
Face down. She lifted up her feet,
Her slippered feet, so trim, so neat.

"She had the impudence to cough.
I took her shoes and stockings off.
She should have done that work herself,
She is a saucy little elf.
I'm not her handy maid. She's punk,
One nasty, little, lazy skunk,
Humiliating me with work
Unfit for any noble Turk."

The Whipper shook his head with glee
  Remarking, "I'm a cunning fox.
She didn't get the best of me,
  Not much, I thrashed her like an ox.
Oh, yes, I made the job complete.
Look at her little naked feet.
What think you of the crimson flow
From dainty heel to pretty toe?

CANTO III

The harem now is quiet. See
The grim Sultana on one knee
Arranging the fair daughter there
Upon the cushion. What a pair,
United so in love. The slave
Brings water in a bowl. They lave
The bleeding feet, and very soon
The pain has left. The silver moon
Shines on the loving pair, who now
Converse. The Mother speaks of how
Displeased she is, saying, "My dear,
Why do you act so very queer
Each time the Whipper whips my dear?"

The Mother says, "All is not right,
The mighty Whipper feels the slight
You put upon him out of spite.
Deliberately you flopped upon
The floor with shoes and stockings on,
Quite a premeditated sin,
I saw the mighty Whipper grin
With rage. I'll set him right with you
And then he may forgive me, too.

"Do take thy Mother's warning, love,
As if inspired from above
And never our talk rehash.
Be sure you reverence the lash.
Ever respect the Whipper, tho'
He blister thee from heel to toe.

"The Bastinado with a cane,
Causing the most exquisite pain,
Is quite essential, curing sin.
When Mother calls the Whipper in
To lash my pet, my heart is sore,
So do not grieve me any more,
But lovingly submit and do
Remember what I say to you.

" Before you come of age, dear girl,
I'll often have to whip my Pearl.
The stinging lash thy soul may save.
Next time the Whipper calls, be brave.
I'll tell you how you must behave.

" Dear girlie, when you hear him cough,
Please take your shoes and stockings off,
Lie down with face upon the rug,
Lift up your little, pink, bare feet,
There—keep them steady, keep those neat
Pink, naked soles together. Hug
The carpet close. Bury your face
Deep in the pillow. Keep in place
Your bare feet, keep them very still
Until the Whipper doth fulfill
His cruel will. You bet he'll win
Fresh laurels with your tender skin.
So when you hear the Whipper cough,
Please take your shoes and stockings off."

The little girl said, " Mother mine,
Forever may thy wisdom shine.
You know I am a clinging vine.
Next time the Whipper calls on me
I'll be as humble as can be,
And when his highness deigns to cough,
I'll take my shoes and stockings off."

Daughter and Mother now enmbrace,
With radiance upon each face.
They both are in a state of grace.

ENTR' ACTE

The wicked Whipper sits alone,
Biting his nails, picking his bone,
Chewing the rag in his proper zone,
Waiting a call on the telephone.

The Wicked whipper is a quack,
The lash is hanging on the rack,
Just like a pipe without a bowl.
The Whipper has a lousy soul.

The Whipper thinks he's quite a mash.
His heart is made of Oak and Ash
Quite ossified. He's feeling rash,
Longing once more to swing the lash.

The wicked Whipper's wife now sang
This pretty song. Its cadence rang
Throughout the hall. Her voice was clear.
This is the song, it's rather queer.

"Fatima, rising from the rack,
Suddenly steps upon a tack.
She screams aloud, exclaiming, 'Hell,
What is the cause of all this smell?
Is it the bacon on the stove?'
The nanny goats all in a drove
Are hurrying along this way.
I hope they have not come to stay.
They are obnoxious to the nose.
They don't remind me of the rose.
Soft soap is hard upon the face—
You'll never find it in this place.
There is a fish cake in the pan,
From whence the sizzling ham-fat ran.
But now the fish is burning up
Because the fat ate by the pup
Has traveled into other ways.
Where will I find another craze?
It can't be done, and, therefore, I
Will have to bid you all good-bye.
I'll go to Uncle Abe and hock
Myself, and then jump off th' dock.
The snow fell thick at Valley Forge;
What do you think of truthful George?"

The Whipper did not like this song,
Therefore he grabbed a leather thong;
He hit his wife upon the head,
And sent her sprawling on the bed.
Saying, "Your voice disturbs my tripe."
And then he lit his faithful pipe.

CANTO IV

Almost a year has passed away.
The girlie has been good (they say).
The Mother has a doubt, and so
She now unties the riddle bow.

She gets up in the night and steals
Along the hall. Some rotten deals
She fears are on the way that night
To rob her of her heart's delight.

'Twas midnight in the harem dark.
All gloomy. Creeping footsteps—hark,
'Tis the Sultana roaming through
The marble halls. Those voices, two
Voices. She slips into a niche.
She is a curious old witch.

Across the hall a figure slight,
Shrinking against the lattice, quite
Hidden from every eye but one,
Is having just a little fun.

It is my friend, the little girl,
Giving away her mother's pearl
Quite in two senses (you will see)
She is a buzzing busy bee.

She whispers through the lattice grate
Holding a quiet tête-à-tête,
With a poor boy who twangs th' harp,
But by profession peddles carp.

The moonlight shines beyond a cloud,
The little girlie whispers loud
Dispatching news to mother's ears.
The girl, her reputation queers.

The girl is passing through the grate,
The little golden box of state.
It is her dearest mother's ouch,
That put her mother in a grouch.

The ouch is full of jewels rare,
The little girl is very fair
Now, lighted by the moonlight there,
Which casts a halo round her hair.

She whispers to the fisher boy,
"This box, it is my mother's joy,
It's all I have to give to you."
It's full of gems of every hue.

The boy outside the lattice grate
Thru' which they hold the tête-à-tête
Gobbles the ouch (poor, useless clay)
Kisses her hand, then runs away.

The girlie gazes through the grate,
Then turns to go to bed, too late—
Her head doth swim, her heart doth burn,
She sees the brave Sultana stern.

The brave Sultana grabs her by
The neck and says, "You living lie,"
The little girl sobs out one sigh.

The mother drags her daughter thru
The marble hall. She'll get her due
(The daughter). She's condemned to stew
Locked in her room—and then at two
O'clock to-morrow, she will get
The bastinado, yes, you bet.

Early the next day, Mother speaks
Unto that king of all the freaks,
The wicked Whipper, telling him
The news. He's boiling to the brim
With holy joy, fanatic vim.

The wicked Whipper hurries home,
How he did dance, how he did foam.
With joy he gathers all his whips,
Looking them over, smacking his lips.

He soons picks out the bamboo switch,
The yellow switch. How he doth itch.
To whip my little girlie witch.

Seventeen jealous maidens, green,
Whisper softly back of a screen.
They snicker, sneer, they leer, they jeer.
They never shed one single tear.
The bastinado they revere—
They hate my little girlie dear.

She has a swetheart, they have none.
Therefore they think it lots of fun
To see her get her whipping. They
Are spiteful snakes ready to coil,
Eager to bite, itching to slay,
Poking the caldron, seeing it boil.
They'd swim through scalding linseed oil
To drag my little girl away,
Her skin to flay, making her pay
The price. Poor maiden gone astray.

CANTO V

I hear the barking of a pup,
I fear a storm is coming up,
Around my neck I feel a noose,
The thunder storm is breaking loose.

The clock will soon be striking two,
All of th' household take th' cue.
They throng the Gothic marble hall,
All pushing, trying to forestall
Each other in the rush for seats.
This is one of the A-one treats.

There has not been a whipping since
The girlie suffered so. I wince
And trust the wicked Whipper queer
Will now be easy with my dear.

The roll of drums, the trumpet strain,
The Whipper marches thru the lane
Of staunch admirers. They rain
Flowers upon this son of Cain.

The wicked Whipper, with a screech,
Making a most unholy speech,
Flourished a switch about his head.
These are the very words he said—
"Wait 'till I tackle that young kid,
That saucy little katydid.

"I'll lash her with my smallest whip—
One that can sting, one that can rip,
Scorching the flesh like flaming coal,
Whipping her bare feet on each sole.
I'll cut a bleeding crimson flow
From dainty heel to pretty toe."

The clear note of the timbrel rolls
Denoting tinkling on the soles.
The Whipper enters with his switch,
Standing within the Gothic niche.

Soft footsteps are approaching there,
There where the timbrel tinkled blare
Is wafted thru' the perfumed air.
The Girlie enters, dressed with care.
Hopelessly downcast, sweet and fair.
Where can she hope for mercy, where?

Everything goes without a hitch,
She looks so sweet, my baby witch,
She kneels before the Gothic niche,
And then she takes off every stitch,
Except the satin slippers, rich
And stockings made of silk from Kych.

The Whipper has the whip in hand,
The girl awaits the dread command,
The whipper grins, with hacking cough
She takes her shoes and stockings off.

She flops face down upon the floor,
Lifting her feet just as of yore,
Breathing a prayer and waiting for
The whipping from the dragon claw.

The small bare feet are all aglow
With rosy flush, they tremble so
From dainty heel to pretty toe.

The girl is waiting for the flash,
That whizzing sound, that awful slash
Succeeded by the stinging lash.

There is a silence through the hall,
Mysterious, it strikes thru all,
Like breezes from the desert south
Or snaps from the hellbender's mouth.

The spell is broken by a shout
By everyone all round about.
The girl all trembling arose,
Bewildered by the cries of those
Assembled in the marble hall.
There is a look of fear on all.

The wicked Whipper is a sight.
His mouth is flaming red and white.
He's in a fit, a spectacle
Severe, most epileptical.

The Whipper raises up the whip
On high, and then he lets it slip
Out of his hand. He burst his gall.
He has a fit (no doubt at all).

His eyes are concentrated straight
Upon the little girl, all hate;
His eye-balls crackle worse and worse,
He hisses out this fearful curse.

" You miserable little minx,
Descended from the cursed sphinx,
May holy Allah, God of Strife,
Grant me the strength, I'll have your life."

As quick as thought this wicked Turk
The Whipper, draws his pointed dirk—
And stabs the darling little girl
Straight through the heart, poor little
pearl!

We grab the Whipper by the neck,
He bites and scratches, tries to peck,
Dig our eyes, tearing the hair,—
But what of my little girl so fair?

There on the marble floor she lay,
Lifeless, pink and pretty, yea
More beautiful than words can tell,
Poor little girlie baby bell.

I feel a concentrated shock,
The marble hall begins to rock,
I am bewildered in a maze,
The harem trembles all ablaze.

The lightning and the thunder roar,
Ripping the heavens more and more.
The storm grows fiercer, thunders drown—
That crash—the house is falling down.

In shorter time than we can think,
The thunderbolt, straight from the brink,
Of yonder cloud—that awful crack—
The harem is in ruins black.

The storm blows over, all is still,
No living creature ever will
Disturb the harem any more;
No one is living, all is o'er.

The moon is smiling from above
On the remains of all I love;
There on the pile of broken stone
The little darling is alone.

The little white bare body lay
Far from the outer world away,
There on the ruined pile of rock,
The moonbeam lights the scene. A flock
  Of white doves linger there. They seem
To guard the place made sacred by
The little girlie dear. No cry
  Of living thing disturbs my dream.

THE GLYPTODON

Poor clay, reweigh the fossil glyptodon.
They say (poor jay) at least he tip't a ton.
The scales can never lie. The lama's on
From Wales, imported from the Amazon.
Away, thou petty beast and fossil vile,
Don't stay, don't trifle any more. The file
Of geese all cease their quack, fading away;
Sweet peace is mine, yes, it has come to stay.
Go join the troop of nincompoops. Poor jay,
Don't coin false money for thyself, 'twon't pay.
Call Kitty Clover dear. My raptured soul—
Have pity, fill Grimalkin's flowing bowl.
I'm lonely in the absence of my cat.
'Tis only Kitty Clover, only that
Can fetch me sweet oblivion. I'll ram
Jack Ketch, I'll break his blasted neck. Flim flam
Me any way you please, don't steal my cat.
Kilkenny is its native shrine. Yes, bat
Yer sleeve and joke and poke your fun at me,
But leave my cat in peace. Farewell to thee.
'Tis wonderful, the way I slipt upon
So blunderful, that mighty glyptodon.

FINALE

In the barn of a farmer named Brewster,
Lived a hen with a voice like a rooster.
When they cut off her head
She smiled sadly and said,
"I fear I can't crow as I uster."

There was a young man of Kildare,
Who one morning died in despair.
He went straight to Hell.
With a terrible yell
Which scared all the devils down there.

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